

DOESN'T KNOW IF KERFOOT SAW HER IN BLACK TIGHTS

Mrs. Hunter Uncertain When
Called to Answer Story Told
by Husband's Witness.

ADMITS SHE WEARS 'EM.

Tells How Husband Got Angry
When She Spent Much
Time Upstairs.

If Mrs. Anna Belleville Hunter ever stood before a mirror in black tights while John Barrett Kerfoot, literary critic and stamp collector, stood by admiringly, she was not aware of his presence, she declared at today's session of the divorce suit brought against her by Frederick W. Hunter, millionaire art collector and lawyer, in which he names Kerfoot, his brother-in-law, as co-respondent.

Mrs. Hunter's admission that she had worn tights in her home at Freehold, N. J., and that Mr. Kerfoot might have seen her in that ultra-dishabille attire surprised Supreme Court Justice Emlen, and he took into his own hands her cross-examination.

"It was not a union suit I wore that the negro Morris testified to having seen me in," Mrs. Hunter began. "They must have been my black tights. They are woolen, the kind I always wear when going out in cold weather. I did not wear them to accentuate my figure, but merely for comfort. And as they were black they were not designed to attract attention. Pink and baby blue undergarments are the attractive colors for lingerie. As I seldom close my dressing room door it would easily have been possible for the butler, as well as the maid, to see me in the mirror."

"The point is," said Justice Emlen, "did Mr. Kerfoot see you in that scanty attire?"

"I don't know," was her reply.

"Well, was he in the room with you at the time you had on the tights?" the court again asked.

"I don't think so," Mrs. Hunter answered.

"You DON'T THINK SO?" exclaimed the judge. "Wouldn't you know whether Mr. Kerfoot was in the room with you at a time when you had on nothing but your tights and corset cover?"

"I think I would."

"And was he?"

"I don't think so."

Attorney Carlisle Norwood abandoned the tights incident and began to examine Mrs. Hunter as to how she communicated with Mr. Kerfoot when he was away from the Freehold home, where for years he had been a guest. A novel means of secret communication was brought out by Mr. Norwood when he asked who "Scrappy" Hunter was.

"Scrappy—why Scrappy is my pet dog—the dog I love the best. Mr. Norwood," said Mrs. Hunter.

"Then explain this postal card," he asked, handing the witness a card on the reverse side of which appeared a picture of a banquet table

fully set. It was addressed to "Scrappy Hunter" and among other things asked the addressee "if he wouldn't like to start eating all the victuals on the table."

"Didn't you write that to Mr. Kerfoot and wasn't it addressed to your dog 'Scrappy' just as a pretext so that Mr. Hunter would not know you were writing to Mr. Kerfoot?" asked the lawyer.

"No, please, at all, sir. I often wrote my dogs, and I'm not the only one in the household with that hobby. Mr. Hunter, too, has often written to his dogs; yes, he has," said Mrs. Hunter, shaking a finger at her husband.

Mrs. Hunter blushed when Mr. Norwood handed her another card bearing this motto under the heading "Cupid's Its and Buts":

"If I but thought that you loved me, if I but really knew; if I but had your own sweet love, if I but thought you true; if I but had your heart alone, if I but thought it true, if I but had you for my own, I'd if and but no more."

"Did you intend that for Mr. Kerfoot," the witness was asked.

"Why, the idea, no such thing, sir," replied Mrs. Hunter. "I intended to send it to my own dear friend, Mrs. Fogg, but in my hurry to leave Mr. Hunter in Freehold, I left it in his desk."

There was one occasion just before last spring, Mrs. Hunter testified, when her husband's anger knew no bounds.

"Mr. Hunter wanted his waistcoat, as we were going out autoing," said Mrs. Hunter, "and I went upstairs to look for it. When I found it after a ten minute search, I discovered a moth hole in it. Mr. Kerfoot was in one of the rooms upstairs and I asked him if he had brought any moths into the house. When I went downstairs my husband was nearly crazy with anger. I asked questions. He wouldn't reply. He asked me about my rumpled hair, my flushed complexion, and why I had taken so long to find the waistcoat. He thought I had been upstairs with Mr. Kerfoot. When I retired I wanted to kiss him good night as I had always done when we retired on good terms. But he told me to get away from my side of the bed and I did. Next day he left the house."

Even Street Cleaners Can Learn the Latest Steps at Municipal Trottery That May Soon Make All City Employees as Expert Tangoists as the Mayor.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

WHO would not be a city employee

And wait to work each day?

Would you learn a lot of the glad foot-trot?

Just take the city's pay.

If you're on the force,

If you drive a horse

For the worthy D. S. G.,

Your father knave

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Of the mystic one-two-three.

The above may not be poetry, but it is truth. The City of New York

has opened a free dancing class for the uplift of its male employees.

The class meets Monday afternoons at ten minutes past five—oh, QUITE the most fashionable hour for a tea dance—in the public gymnasium on the northwest corner of Cherry and Oliver Streets.

And, I was assured yesterday afternoon, when I took pains to observe this latest flowering of the civic spirit, that every fireman, every policeman, every street cleaner, every

school teacher, every Alderman and every clerk is eligible to attend this dancing class.

BORED AND LANGUID SOCIETY MAY DO THE SKATING.

As somebody has remarked, this is a dancing Administration. And it sings strongly to the dance, leaving such trifles as waiting to bored and languid society. For long Mayor Mitchell has set the best of temperate examples. From now on anybody in the employ of the city who isn't the glass of fashion and the mold of form deserves to be sent to Boston, where the Mayor conspires twinkling toes instead of twinkling his own.

But how and why was the city's dancing class for the city's own organized? It is, if you please, educational. It is one of the activities formed for the special benefit of city employees by the Committee on Education, of which Leonard Fox is chairman. Mr. Fox is one of the examiners for the Municipal Civil Service Commission, and is the author of what has generally been considered an admirable book on "Police Administration."

You see, a benign gentleman at the Oliver Street Gymnasium lucidly explained to me, "a lot of the boys in the new Municipal Building wanted to learn to dance. And so the Committee on Education said, 'Why not teach them to dance?' The class met for the first time in the public gymnasium at No. 5 Rutgers street last night, and the city boys in charge of instruction in physical training employed by the Department of Parks and Recreation. The first instructor, for the course is Frank Jaeger, regularly stationed at the Oliver Street free gymnasium, but his place was taken yesterday by Daniel Conlin, assistant to the public gymnasium in Rutgers Place. The music yesterday was furnished by an obliging graphophone that had been loaned to the city by the city employees attending."

Besides being held in the city gymnasium, the dancing class, which is bringing the perfume of social athletics into the city, will give a lot of the city boys in charge of instruction in physical training employed by the Department of Parks and Recreation. The first instructor, for the course is Frank Jaeger, regularly stationed at the Oliver Street free gymnasium, but his place was taken yesterday by Daniel Conlin, assistant to the public gymnasium in Rutgers Place. The music yesterday was furnished by an obliging graphophone that had been loaned to the city by the city employees attending."

The earliest seekers after social grace, as portrayed by Father Knickerbocker, stood at the edge of the gymnasium floor and looked at it as if it were a waste of time and money. But Mr. Conlin had a surprise for them. He was a city employee attending."

TERPSICHORE'S TEACHER IN ACTION.

"Once you ladies," he announced briskly, "be seated. Ladies, we'll try a waltz. Now remember which is your outside foot and your outside hand, also your inside foot and your inside hand. The course begins with the left foot—left, right, turn; right, left, turn. One-two-three, one-two-three. Never stop with the waltz foot turn. Emphasize every third step."

"Put on a waltz, please," he concluded, nodding to a young man who stood near the graphophone.

"Won't a march do instead of the waltz?" he asked the leader of the orchestra, loudly.

But the youngsters after V. Gattuso's laurels were not contented to practice a waltz to march music. The city may be a hard task master, but there are some oppressions from which it shrinks.

The youngest chap on the floor

New York City Runs a Free Dancing School, Where Its Cops, Clerks and Firemen Trot

WHEN THE STREET CLEANERS JOIN THE CLASSES WHO MAY JOIN TO SEE ALLEY REHEARSALS

THE DANCING CLASS CONDUCTED BY THE CITY FOR CITY EMPLOYEES

AN ARREST IN TWO-FOUR TIME (WHEN THE POLICE GRADUATE FROM THE DANCING CLASS)



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BIG GERMAN FLEET REPORTED IN DASH INTO NORTH SEA

Prince Henry in Command and
Clash With Enemy Is
Expected Soon.

DREADNOUGHTS IN VAN.

British and Russians Will Stop
German Commerce in
the Baltic Sea.

LONDON, March 7.—Rumors that Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother, has been placed in command of the German fleet for a dash into the North Sea, were revived today.

An Amsterdam despatch reported that twenty-five German warships were sighted yesterday cruising in the North Sea off Vlieland. They were moving westward when first observed, but later changed course and steamed northward. It was stated.

(Vlieland is in the Frisian Islands, off the Holland coast, lying directly in the mouth of the Zuider Zee, and well inshore, inside the German mine fields. The nearest German approach would be the mouth of the Ems River.)

Lord Derby and other well informed persons recently predicted a great naval battle will soon be fought in the North Sea.

Scandinavian newspapers assert a naval battle is expected in the Baltic where British, Russian and German warships have been manoeuvring. Russian destroyers have been seen off the Island of Oland, Sweden, and German U-boats off Okselund, south of Stockholm.

It is believed Britain and Russia intend to intercept German commerce with Sweden and Norway as soon as the ice melts. Already it is breaking up and can be forced.

ROME, March 5.—Twenty German dreadnaughts have left Kiel, according to information received here today.

The foregoing despatch was held up by the British censor for two days.

SHERWOOD, LIKE PAGE, IS TO QUIT CONGRESS

Democratic Representative From Ohio Says He Cannot Agree With Wilson.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—The extent to which American politics have been disrupted by international controversies was shown today by the announcement of Representative Isaac H. Sherwood, Democrat of Ohio, that he like Representative Page of North Carolina, will withdraw from politics. This is due to his inability to agree with President Wilson.

Every day you clean the house you live in to get rid of the dust and dirt which collected through the previous day. Your body, the house your soul lives in, also becomes filled up each twenty-four hours with all manner of filth and poison. If only every man and woman could realize the wonders of drinking phosphated hot water, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nervous wrecks," "brain fags" and "prelims," we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

Everyone, whether sick or well, should drink each morning before breakfast a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate to it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, naty breath, rheumatism, colds, and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion, and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store, which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.

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Lived One Year Less Than Centuries
RAHWAY, N. J., March 7.—Barthel VanValkenberg Clark, the oldest male resident of this city, died last night in his ninety-ninth year at his home, No. 68 Commerce Street. He was in the shoe business for about thirty years in the Washington Hall Building, which he owned. He was Vice President of the Rahway Savings Bank, and Chairman of the County N. Y. He is survived by two granddaughters, Mrs. James McCullen and Albert H. Wilson.

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